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## SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

### MUNICH TO LINZ.

COUNT RUMFORD, or—to call him by his original and unsophisticated name—Benjamin Thomson, has left the impress of his masculine intellect in various institutions in Munich. It will be recollected that this ingenious and enterprising person, when expelled by political intolerance from America, found an honourable refuge at the court of the Elector of Bavaria, and was permitted by him to remodel various educational and criminal establishments. By this means Munich may be said to have got the start of other continental cities in some of its social features; and till the present day, it keeps pretty much ahead of them. It is agreeable to find that in a place where the fine arts have met with so gracious a friend and patron as Ludwig I., and which is rapidly growing up a cispalpine rival of the famed Italian cities, an enlightened and humane policy is pursued with regard to those momentous subjects—pauperism, education, and crime.

What came under my observation as respects the reform and punishment of criminals, was so unlike anything I had previously seen in prison arrangements, that I deem it worthy of special remark. Taking a calèche and guide, I drove to a spot outside the town, to see the great central prison of Bavaria, in which were confined nearly five hundred détenus. The establishment did not, however, look like a prison. Formerly used as a monastery, it consists of a cluster of detached buildings, interspersed with courtyards, the whole occupying a considerable space of ground. Soldiers walked as sentries around the walls and within the courtyards; but beyond this, there was little appearance of force, although the strictest discipline was maintained. A stream of pure water, led apparently from the Isar, flowed through the premises, insuring cleanliness, and furnishing what water was desirable for economic purposes. Without any other introduction than the presentation of my card, and a few words spoken to the governor—a gentleman in a military dress—I was politely conducted through the establishment, and every required information afforded. The principle on which the prison is conducted differs entirely from that which is now extending itself over Great Britain—the seclusion of individuals separately in cells. It is the imprisonment of persons together in apartments, but all under the obligation of silence—or, at the utmost, free to converse only on certain subjects—and all kept hard at work by superintendents. That there will be improper communication with each other by such a plan, is evident; but placed under judicious regulations, I would not anticipate serious evils from this species of association; and at any rate, it is a question if the separate system, which is clearly a vio-

lation of nature, is in all respects preferable. One thing is certain, there was much more cheerfulness in this Bavarian prison than I had been accustomed to see in houses on the Pentonville principle; and I am inclined to think that without cheerfulness there can be little virtue. Not driving at any fine-spun theory, the Bavarians have, to all appearance, tried what work will do in the way of reclamation. The prison is a factory, in which the greater number of détenus labour in bands at the various branches of the manufacture of cloth. Some are attending carding-machines, others are dyeing, spinning, weaving, and performing the finishing processes; the result being a fine light blue fabric, which is used for clothing the army. Another branch of employment is the manufacture of linen, which engages many hands; and the cloth, when finished, is done up with as much taste as is usual with our finer Irish linens.

Besides these staples, other trades are carried on, chiefly to meet the wants of the establishment. There were smiths' and carpenters' workshops, stocking-weaving, and shoemaking. In the large kitchen, I found several men-cooks, dressed in the usual snow-white costume of the continental cuisine, and who were détenus like the others. Some soup and pudding were offered to me to taste: as it was Friday, I cannot say the specimen would have exactly suited the palate of a Pentonvillian.

The greater number of the prisoners are men; and there are included amongst them convicts condemned to a long imprisonment, and for life. Capital punishments are not abolished in Bavaria; but they rarely take place, and only for murder under greatly aggravated circumstances. I here saw twenty men at work in a room by themselves, who had been convicted of murder, and were condemned to imprisonment for life. Their employment was carding flax with hand-cards. The appearance of these men, dressed in a prison garb, with heavy clog shoes, and manacles on their legs, was not pleasing. Their looks were downcast and subdued, and I could fancy that they felt the humiliation and misery of their situation. Yet, all things considered, their condition was creditable to the country, and an advance on the treatment of a similar class of criminals in England. In the department for female détenus, there were pointed out several women also condemned to imprisonment for life. One, a young woman, engaged in some laundry work, had been convicted of killing her child. As crimes of this atrocious nature are usually committed in gusts of passion, in which the actor can scarcely be said to be an accountable being, how much more reasonable and humane to confine for life, under proper restraints, persons of this unfortunate class, than to strangle them amidst the yells of a depraved and horror-loving multitude! On quitting

the prison, I learned, by a few words from the governor, that all that a prisoner of the ordinary class gains by labour over a certain sum, is placed to his credit, and paid to him at the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Few, he said, come back for second offences; 'one visit was usually enough.' I returned to Munich, much pleased with what I had seen and heard; and not without some misgivings as to the alleged superiority, in all circumstances, of the Pentonvillian system of discipline—the truth being, that as yet all systems of prison treatment are tentative, and possibly a century may elapse before we arrive at the solution of the problem.

Having exhausted Munich, we bade farewell to its many interesting objects, and proceeded on our journey towards Vienna. It was immaterial how we went; but as it was possible to take Salzburg by the way, we adopted a route which would bring us to that ancient town. The distance to Salzburg was eighty-two miles; and sleeping for the night at Wasserburg, an ancient town on the rapid-flowing Inn, we were able to reach it by voiture in two days. On quitting Wasserburg, we were getting towards the frontier of Austria, with the lofty peaks of the Tyrol on our right, the country around which is well wooded, being mostly arable, and studded with numerous villages. The houses were for the greater part of wood, some with fancifully-carved gables to the road, and all less or more decorated with sentences from Scripture, carved in the old German character.

Before crossing a wide stream, which, swollen by a late heavy rain, hurried perturbedly on its course from the Tyrolean mountains, we were brought to a stand at the office of the Austrian douane. English guide-books speak of such rigorous examinations on entering Austria, that I made up my mind to half an hour's overhauling. To our surprise and satisfaction, however, the scrutiny was exceedingly superficial: a number of books—said to be proscribed articles in Austria—which lay on the top of our portmanteau, were not even looked at; and with passport *visé* we were in a few minutes pursuing our journey. Were we to enter the country *now*, while the continent is in a state of agitation, I doubt not we should experience a somewhat different treatment.

We had been gradually approaching the mountains on our right, and now entered the vale of the Salza, up which we were conducted for a few miles, till the hills closed in around; and at a turn of the road, the very curiously-situated town of Salzburg burst into view. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, we were lodged at a hotel at the centre of this walled and ancient city, our windows looking out on a central square or place, in which was situated the cathedral, and the old archiepiscopal palace, transformed into a barrack for Austrian soldiers. Salzburg is reputed to be the most picturesquely-situated town in Germany. It is certainly a strange huddle of buildings, crowded within a kind of ravine, and with scarcely standing-room on the banks of the Salza, which, wide, deep, and of a milky hue, rushes through the town at a speed setting navigation at defiance. The greater part of the town is built on the left bank, and this portion is backed by a high rocky knoll, on which grimly stands the castle of Salzburg. The face of the hill, on the right bank, spreading away above and beyond the houses at its base, is beautifully dotted over with woods, villas, and gardens, and commands a fine view of the opposite castle and the valley behind it. The two portions of the town are connected by a wooden roadway, fastened on boats, which are anchored in the stream—a simple unexpensive species of bridge common in continental countries, which we might imitate with advantage in various situations. The sight of Salzburg, with its castle and environs, suggests recollections of Scottish scenery. Wilkie, in speaking of the spot, says—'It is Edinburgh castle and the Old Town brought within the cliffs of the Trossachs, and watered by a river like the Tay'—a remark worthy of this ingenious artist.

Out of the way of general traffic, conquered, and held down, Salzburg may be said to be merely the ghost of a city—the dull tomb of a listless population. Formerly the seat of an archbishop, who was also an independent prince, it was, without a shadow of justice, taken possession of by Austria, of which it is now a poor provincial town, with a garrison to keep it in order. The houses are generally massive and grand; monasteries and churches are seen in all quarters; while palaces of ecclesiastical dignitaries, faded and dull in aspect, give shelter to regiments of foot and cavalry. On the morning after our arrival, and with a written permission from the commandant, we climbed the hill to the castle, where, at a height of two hundred to three hundred feet above the Salza, the toil of our ascent was rewarded by a view rich, varied, and pleasingly picturesque, though limited on nearly all sides by the peaks of the not far distant mountains. Having penetrated through several storeys of a building occupied by soldiers, we arrived at a suite of apartments containing a few antique objects; and here we were indulged with a view of the torture chamber, in which a wooden machine or rack, for raising prisoners with weights at their feet, still remains as a thing to interest travellers, and as an evidence of the means once adopted to punish religious contumacy. Beneath is a dungeon or oubliette, accessible only by a trap-door, the dismal receptacle of the unhappy victims of the misjudging religious tribunal which held its sittings in the castle. Shall we break into a fume of indignation at seeing these indisputable evidences of ecclesiastical oppression? Alas! does not the history of all nations reveal tyrannies equally horrible? Coming from a country where nonconformity and the impossible crime of witchcraft were alike punished with the stake, it behoves us to pass over in silent sorrow these memorials of a frailty common to unenlightened human nature.

The rocky protuberance on which the castle is situated has all the appearance of being the remains of a hill which had once blocked up the valley of the Salza, and been reduced to its present irregular form by the action of the water. It is composed of a species of rock which is peculiarly susceptible of assuming new forms when exposed to meteoric influences. At a level somewhat lower than the spot occupied by the garrison, the knoll extends in one direction with an irregular surface, forming a sylvan scene of wood and green fields, open for the recreation of the inhabitants. As if to show that the former rulers of Salzburg were not all mere oppressors, an undertaking of great public importance, executed by a prince-archbishop, is here pointed out, and we descended from the hill to examine it. This is a lofty and spacious tunnel, upwards of four hundred feet in length, which has been cut right through the rock at the level of the streets, so as to admit a free and convenient communication for foot passengers and vehicles between the town and country beyond. A bust of the benevolent ecclesiastic, Archbishop Sigmund, who executed this useful public improvement about eighty years since, is placed over the entrance.

The finest thing about Salzburg is the vale, which spreads its richly-clothed fields behind the castle, and over which a delightful drive of eight miles conducts the tourist to the salt mines of Hallein. We spent a whole summer's day in visiting spots of picturesque beauty and historic interest in this charming plain, the limit of our ride being the newly-built château of Nefin, erected in the midst of a small lake, but accessible by a bridge from the land. I am sorry it is not in my power to throw any light on that archaeological mystery, 'château-life,' in consequence of our visit to this imitative mediæval mansion; for the house was still in the hands of the workmen, and our curiosity was necessarily confined to an examination of the freshly-executed frescos which decorate its walls. From the leads on the highest turret, we had a fine view of the wooded environs, overhung by lofty alpine heights, which even at this advanced season were plentifully covered with snow. On

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the way back to Salzburg, we visited a manufactory of articles in marble—pedestals for statues, columns, and other objects, which are transported hence to different parts of Germany. The machinery for sawing and polishing the blocks is moved by a stream which dashes from an adjoining height. At a little distance, and higher up the hill, within the recesses of a most picturesque ravine, we were shown a more novel and curious operation: this was the making of boys' marbles; and a more simple process can hardly be conceived. Small pieces of marble being put into a peculiarly-shaped stone trough or dish, a top of the same material, fitting into certain grooves, is made to whirl about by little streamlets led from the main torrent, and the marbles are soon ground into a spherical form. There were about twenty of these little sputtering mills, one above another on the stream, so that the scene was busy and amusing. At a glance, we were let into the secret of cheap pebble-grinding in Germany. No expense whatever had been incurred in constructing the mills: the apparatus was of the homeliest kind; the sluices on the impetuous streamlets were each nothing more than a turf; the raw material came out of the hill-side; and the superintendent of works was a female, who probably considered herself well paid at a remuneration of twopence a-day. And from this primitive manufactory boys' marbles are sent in vast numbers all over the world.

Every town is glad to have something peculiar to boast of, if it be nothing more than a happy knack of baking buns or gingerbread. Salzburg boasts of having produced Mozart; and the house in which he was born (1756), being the third or fourth floor of a large and handsome building in one of the main streets, is pointed out to all strangers as an important curiosity, which it is expected they will visit. If any town could rationally derive merit from being the birthplace of genius, Salzburg would assuredly be entitled to occupy a high place in the world's consideration; for of all the marvels of precocity in musical science, Mozart is the most marvellous—his taste and skill in composition the most remarkable. His statue, in bronze, ornaments the Michael's Platz.

At the end of two days we had seen all that appeared interesting in this ancient city, and then proceeded with our private conveyance to Ischl by St Ghilgen (the *gh* guttural). The road was hilly, and disclosed scenery of the greatest beauty. St Ghilgen is a small town situated at the end of a lake, which I should think is about five miles in length; and the view of this sheet of water, with its projecting woody promontories—St Wolfgang, with its church at the farther extremity, and the craggy steepes around, towering to the clouds—is one of the finest things of the kind I had ever seen, and rivals in beauty the scenery of Lucerne, though on a much smaller scale. At a neat small inn, scrupulously clean, in St Ghilgen, we stopped to rest the horses and dine; our repast consisted principally of a delicate species of trout, with a pale blue skin, the product of the adjoining lake. After dinner we continued our route, which lay along the south margin of this pretty expanse of water, and on quitting its eastern extremity, entered a defile, rugged, woody, and several miles in length. Occasionally, at ascents, I got out of the vehicle to chat with our driver, a good-humoured German, and to catch glimpses of striking points in the scene. The most remarkable thing on all sides was the density of the dark fir woods, which grew from the edge of the road to almost the tops of the mountains. So prolific was this species of timber, that miniature trees appeared to be spontaneously starting into existence on every inch of open ground—the land seemed to be groaning under wood—a mine of railway sleepers for the universe! Vast quantities of the timber were cut, barked, and thrown into the river which flowed through the defile, there to find its way to its place of destination. All this wood, and also the territory hereabouts, are the personal property of the Emperor of Austria, who derives

a large revenue from the produce and rents. The district is locally called the Salzkammergut, or chamber property of the salt mines—salt being its most valuable product.

Early in the evening we made our entry into Ischl, the principal, or at least the most fashionable, town in this dependency of the empire, situated in a hollow, surrounded by lofty mountains, on whose rugged sides strata of vapour reposed like masses of white wool, at different altitudes. Ischl seems to be an excellent central spot whence to radiate in short tours over this charming district. During summer, it forms a favourite resort for health-seekers, there being here hot and cold baths of natural brine, with all the accessories of recreation found at most watering-places. At the time of our visit the season had not commenced—the saloons were empty, and billiard balls were reposing since last year's fatigues. The only things which showed life were the salt manufactories—elegant buildings, not at all resembling our odious smoky salt-pans—from whose half-open roofs steam rose in clouds high above the town. There being nothing to detain us in Ischl, we went forward next morning to Ebensee, which is only a few miles distant, at the mouth of the river Traun, where it falls into the lake of Gmunden. Scenery still beautiful, and piles of cut timber increasing so enormously, that we begin to wonder what is to be done with it—no want of fuel for the salt-works of Ebensee, to which brine for evaporation is conducted in wooden pipes from Ischl.

When we arrived at Ebensee, a poor little vapoury village, we had, in the meanwhile, got to the end of land travel. Hills crowded in right and left, leaving not an inch for road, and before us lay a lake, frowned upon by stony mountains, the very riddlings of creation. The lake has for some years been navigated by a small steamer, and in ten minutes after our arrival, this vessel came in sight from behind a projecting promontory; in ten minutes more we were on its deck and under weigh. It was a pretty toy of a thing, smart in its movements, and seemed to be under capital management. I should say that I made up my mind as to these points of the boat's character before knowing anything of its commander, who turned out to be a Scotchman, and, what was better, an affable traveller; for during the whole voyage, he entertained us with observations on the country and its inhabitants, whom he described as a people industrious, orderly, and well-to-do in their small holdings. Now and then the conversation diverged to the scenery of the lake, which was always getting the prettier and more interesting. On our left or northern side, the hills are less high than on the right, and better clothed with vegetation. Villages are stuck about in picturesque spots, and green knolls bask under the shade of cherry-trees. On the right, half way down this charming lake, the Traunberg, a huge bare mountain, rises sheer from the water's edge, and lifts its scarped head high above the tumultuous sea of hills. Here we have a fine view of the town of Gmunden, whose white houses are reflected in the clear waters. We landed at Gmunden, after a sail of little more than an hour, during which we had come nearly ten miles.

Disembark—dine in a bustling restaurant—and in an hour are seated in a railway carriage for Linz, on the Danube—distance twenty to thirty miles. The reader will of course imagine that we reached Linz in at most an hour and a half. All a mistake. This was one of those innocent railways on which horse-power performs the part of a locomotive, and where, from the rate of progression, there is not the least chance of being dashed in pieces. The truth of the matter is, it is a tramway for bringing the salt from a depot at the foot of the lake; and at offings on our journey we passed hundreds of wagons loaded with that valuable material. The trip through woods, across hedgeless fields and sandy plains, occupied seven mortal hours! At dusk, after a scramble with douaniers and passport examiners—a sorry conclusion of a long day's journey—we were allowed to enter Linz, and grope our way to a hotel. Pleasant

sight—beautiful apartment—tea urn hissing on the table—and glad to have reached the capital of Upper Austria in time for the *fête Dies*, which is to take place to-morrow.

W. C.

### THE FOUNDLING.

How often have I longed for the uplifting of that veil which shrouds my birth in darkness! How many a midnight hour have I passed in intense yearnings for one moment's glimpse of those first brief hours of my existence when I still lay folded in a mother's arms, and felt her soft embrace! The indulgence of such feverish thoughts was wont to be followed by dreams of mingled agony and joy, from which I awoke only to experience more fully the loneliness of my degraded position.

My earliest recollections are connected with a cottage in the county Wicklow, where I formed part of a numerous family of children, under the care of a woman whom we all addressed by the endearing name of mother. Nurse Conolly (so she was called by the neighbours) belonged to a class which is not uncommon among Protestants in the eastern parts of Ireland; removed from the poverty of the cottier, and yet not wealthy enough to rank among farmers.

On her husband's death, she was left in possession of a few acres of land, which, under her prudent care, became a source of comfort to her family. Her dwelling was not of that squalid kind too often found by the wayside in Ireland. It contained four rooms, the largest of which served the united purpose of kitchen and sitting-room for the whole household. Adjoining this apartment was a smaller one, appropriated to the use of her son and two or three boys, who formed part of her charge; and the low garrets situated over these were occupied by Nurse Conolly and her daughter, with a little band of destitute children, who were committed to her care, having been sent out by charitable institutions in Dublin, that they might enjoy the advantages of fresh air and a good homely education. And truly Nurse Conolly was worthy of the trust reposed in her; for she was a conscientious, kind-hearted woman, who watched as sedulously over our health and wellbeing as if we were her own home-born children. Under her care we were trained to habits of order, cleanliness, and industry; and while our fare and clothing were of the cheapest kind, there was nothing slovenly or rude in their arrangements. We rose with the early dawn, and after sharing in her household labours, and partaking of brown bread and milk for our breakfast, we hastened to the parish school, bearing with us our dinner, as we did not return home until four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The intermediate hours were divided between 'books, and work, and helpful play,' so that our spirits were still fresh and gay, as we scampered homeward over fields and hedges; nor lingered on our way, unless when tempted by the wild rose or the butterfly to a chase or a scramble. If the delay had been a long one, Nurse Conolly would surely be found at the garden wicket straining her eyes in the direction of the school; and ever and anon glancing at the flowers, which were her pride as well as her pleasure; for (as she was sometimes heard to boast) the *quality* often stopped to admire her whitewashed cottage, with its trailing roses and honeysuckles.

At such times a gentle reproof awaited us. 'Sure, childer, I thought you were gone astray entirely; and the praties are boiled to rags by this time. I ought to be after chastising ye for your misbehaviour.' But a word of explanation sufficed to pacify the good dame, and we failed not to do justice to the potatoes, over-done as they might be, after they had been thrown out on a deal table, so white and clean, that the daintiest lady

in the land need not have turned away from our evening repast. As soon as the household work was done, we plied our needles and learned our tasks for the morrow; nor was the evening far advanced when, the family Bible being opened, a chapter was read aloud, verse by verse, each one bearing a part in its perusal. This was followed by a short and simple prayer, after which we retired to rest.

Such was the tenor of our peaceful and yet busy life, whose course, unmarked save by the petty troubles incident to humanity, and often enlivened by those cheap pleasures which the country affords, was full of healthful enjoyment both to our minds and bodies. I have a faint remembrance of my early childhood as having been a time of unalloyed happiness. Even now I can recall the little poultry-yard whither my kind nurse allowed me to accompany her, with oats in my apron for her family of chickens; and the small spot of waste ground wherein we used to stick twigs of Mayflower and sweetbrier, calling it our garden—an indulgence given to the younger children occasionally, 'by way of keeping them out of harm's way.' At that time my little world of thought was an unclouded one, but too soon 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream.'

How well do I remember the first perplexing idea which occurred to disturb my mind, and to imbitter my whole being! I had nearly completed my fourth year, when one of our orphan group was attacked by pulmonary disease; and the village doctor having advised a temporary removal to her native air, her widowed mother was sent for; and on her arrival, the child flew into her arms, weeping with joy, while the poor woman lavished on her daughter such fond expressions of anxiety and love, that we all stood gazing at her with silent emotion. On their departure, my heart felt heavy, as it had never been before, and the depression of my spirits was soon noticed by Nurse Conolly, who, in her kind, brusque way, inquired, 'Arrah, then, child! what ails ye, that ye lave the victuals untouched? Is it sick, sore, or sorry that ye be?'

'Oh, mother,' I replied, 'have I got a mammy like Kate Terry, who is gone away to-day? Tell me where is my mammy?' said I, while the tears trickled down my cheeks.

'Don't be after talking such nonsense,' was her answer. 'Sure haven't ye got me for a mammy, and isn't that enough for ye? Ain't I as good as any mammy Kate Terry has got?'

'Yes, you are very good to me, but I want a mammy of my own. Where is she?'

'Go along, child, and ask no more such questions, for I wont answer one of them,' said nurse, looking more stern than ever I had seen her before; so that I dared say no more, but crept to bed, where I soon sobbed myself to sleep.

This was a new era in my life. The existence of sorrow had scarcely been known to me before. Now I began to feel its withering influence on my own being. The thought of 'my own mammy' would often disturb and perplex me; but the crowning misery was yet to come. About two years afterwards, as a young lady was one day visiting our cottage, she patted my head, and looking at me very kindly, inquired of our nurse, 'Who is this nice little girl, Nurse Conolly?'

'She is called Mary Hammond, please your ladyship.'

'She looks delicate. Is anything the matter with her?'

'Oh, ma'am, that sort of childer are a sickly race entirely; but there's not a ha'porth the matter with her; and in troth she is not like the most of them, for she is a mighty genteel child, and very tender-hearted like.'

'Poor child!' rejoined the lady with a look of pity; and asked, 'Have you many more foundlings under your care, nurse?'

'Only two; and thankful enough I am not to have more of them, for I have had a power of trouble with

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some of them before now. Come here, Sally Loman and Nanny Creed—come, show yourselves to the lady,' continued nurse, addressing herself to the only two girls of our family for whom I felt a secret dislike—not that they had ever been unkind to me; but little children, without being able to define their feelings, usually shrink from coarse, low-minded people; and such were the two girls now called over by Nurse Conolly. They were often in disgrace at school for their idleness and stupidity, and at home they were disliked on account of their sulkiness and their untidy ways. And these were my fellows! belonging to the same proscribed race! differing from their companions in some way which was an enigma to me, but which, from its very mystery, was all the more fearful to my childish imagination. This new glimpse of my degraded position brought with it a weight of misery I had never felt before. I lay awake the following night, recalling all that had passed between my nurse and her visitor; and strange as it may seem, even the praise that had been bestowed on me was gall and wormwood to my soul, for I felt humiliated at belonging to a class from which it was esteemed an honour to differ.

Few people are aware of the depth of thought and wretchedness that may dwell within the heart of a young child, unknown to those who occupy the same house, and sit around the same hearth. Happy for such a one if there be at hand some tender but experienced friend, who may gently probe the wound, and pour balm into its hidden recesses! There was no living being to whom I could look for information or comfort. The remembrance of nurse's stern manner on a former occasion withheld me from applying to her; and I shrank from making inquiries of my companions, through a fear of their scorn or railery. So I resolved to conceal all my bitter thoughts within myself, and this self-concentration elicited the latent pride of my character; so that, from being the playful favourite of the household, I gradually became shy, sensitive, and proud. It was not long before Nurse Conolly observed the change, and expressed her anxiety lest 'something amiss should have come over me;' but her kind words, which formerly had been so grateful to me, were now unwelcome, as they seemed to me only pity in disguise; even as the pure fresh air, which is life to the healthy man, becomes poison to any part of his body which may have grown sensitive from the infliction of a wound.

Time wore on; and in spite of the one dark shadow which was cast around my path, life had many a blithe and joyous hour for me; for there is a happy buoyancy in youth which bears it up, even when passing through the deepest and most troubled waters, so that it sinks not, but rather gathers strength from each trial to rise more elastically above the next: even like those tiny skiffs which we may often have watched with fear, as they descended into the deep furrows of the ocean, and then anon we beheld them riding triumphantly over the giant-crested wave, as if exulting in their conquest over difficulty and danger. Many such hours of triumph were mine, when I found myself the acknowledged superior of those around me in every work of skill and in every intellectual acquirement.

At our yearly school examination I often detected the teacher's eye turn unconsciously to me when any difficult question required an answer; and at the annual feast that followed I was frequently noticed by the visitors, whose ill-timed praise not only increased my pride, but made me the object of envy to my companions. On our return from one of these school festivals, I was displaying my prizes to our nurse, with a spirit perhaps over-elated by success, when her son and daughter entered the room. Henry Conolly was then a youth of eighteen, his mother's pride and darling; Norah was about my own age. She was a good-humoured, kind-hearted girl of fifteen, whose chief failing was an impetuosity of temper, which occasionally impelled her to utter words which she would afterwards vainly long to recall. At this moment she was annoyed at her failure in the

morning's examination, and the sight of my prizes by no means tended to soothe her temper. Her mother unfortunately inquired where were her prizes.

'My prizes indeed! Sorra a prize I have to show. Some people are mighty clever in ingratiating themselves with the quality; but after all, it may be that they pity the poor creature who was thrown on the wide world without a skreed to her back or a friend to look after her. They who are born of honest parents don't want these things,' said she scornfully, while taking up a neat chintz frock which lay upon her mother's lap.

My heart was swelling with rage and pride as she uttered these taunting words, and I knew not what bitter retort I might have been tempted to make, but that Henry, laying his hand on her arm, said in an earnest tone—'Are you not ashamed of yourself, Norah, for speaking such cruel words to her, just because she is cleverer and prettier than yourself? If God gave you honest parents, it is no merit of yours, remember: and no matter how Mary came into the world, she is the jewel of the parish, so she is; and I won't let any one insult her as long as my name is Henry Conolly. Don't take on so, dearest Mary,' added he, on seeing the tears roll down my cheeks: 'everybody loves you: even Norah does, though her tongue is somewhat over-hasty now and then. Are you not sorry, dear Norah,' said he soothingly to his sister—'are you not sorry to vex poor Mary? Come, both of you kiss one another, and forget all that is past.' Saying this, he drew us both together, and Norah muttering some excuse, we embraced, and were at peace.

Although Nurse Conolly was by no means pleased at her daughter being 'set down,' as she called it, on my account, yet she could not be angry with her favourite Henry; and therefore contented herself by saying that he was 'a trifle too hard on his own sister;' adding, however, with a smile, that 'the minister himself could not have spoken more finely' than he did. Henry looked grave, and taking up his book, sat down in the corner of the window, where he was wont to pursue his studies. If Nurse Conolly indulged a mother's pride in her only son, others there were in the parish who thought no less favourably of him than she did. About two years before the time now alluded to, his education being completed at the minister's school, his master, a man of worth and ability, offered to instruct him in Greek and Latin if he would assist him for two or three hours daily in teaching the younger boys. This offer was joyfully accepted by Henry, who henceforth devoted every leisure moment to his new studies; and through the kind aid and counsel of our pastor, it had recently been settled that Henry should enter Trinity College as a sizer, preparatory to his undertaking the office of missionary in Canada, to which he was prompted by an earnest desire to do good, as well as by a thirst after seeing strange lands.

It was a proud, and yet sad day for his mother, when she saw him dressed in his new black coat, and setting out with the weekly carrier to Dublin. It seemed to her, she said, as though her right hand were cut off, and the joy of her heart taken from her. Her tears flowed abundantly, and all my proud ungrateful thoughts vanished as I beheld her sorrow, and knew how truly it was my own. But she needed not to conceal her sorrow; whereas I trembled lest it should be suspected that I felt his loss more acutely than the other girls of the household, knowing that the finger of scorn would be lifted against the outcast foundling, who should presume to identify her joys and sorrows with those of an 'honest-born' youth.

It was about this time that the curate of our parish having recently married, his lady undertook the instruction of some girls in psalmody; and I, among others, was desired to attend weekly at her house to receive lessons in singing. There was a calm, gentle penetration in this lady's look which attracted, and yet awed me. On the ensuing Sunday, when I entered the school-room, where we were wont to assemble for an

hour in the morning, it gave me pleasure to see her seated as teacher of the head-class, to which I belonged. Her eye rested so kindly on us all, as if it were her office not only to instruct, but to comfort us, that our young hearts could not but expand under the influence of her sunny mind. Nor was her intercourse with us confined to the hours of instruction; for she visited us weekly at our homes, and took many opportunities of seeing us alone at her own house, when she inquired kindly concerning our plans and prospects. Mrs Boyd soon gained an unbounded influence over me. I felt that she not only loved, but understood me. Whenever my forlorn position in life was alluded to by others, I felt my cheeks glowing with pride and shame; but when she gently touched this chord of sadness, my whole heart responded to her sympathy, and bursting into tears, I fell at her knees, and buried my face in her lap.

It would be impossible for me to detail the many deeds of kindness I received from this excellent lady: her reproofs, so gentle; her forbearance, so tender; her advice and aid, so judiciously bestowed; and, above all, the affectionate wisdom with which she guided me to Him who alone can heal the broken heart; and of whom she delighted to speak as my heavenly Father. Oh how sweet was that name of Father to one who knew no earthly parent! She also taught me that self-respect, so far from being akin to pride, was best cherished in a humble heart; and that the safest cure for a morbid sensitiveness was the diligent fulfilment of each practical duty which lay in my path. To crown all, having learned that the term of my school-girl life was nearly ended, and that my destination (in common with most 'people of my sort') was to be bound apprentice to some furmer's wife, she received me for a year as an inmate of her house, prepared me carefully for the office of a nursery governess, and finally placed me in her eldest sister's family, where I had the charge of three charming little children, who were my pupils and companions during the larger portion of each day.

My position was an enviable one, and I felt truly grateful to my benefactress for having procured me so desirable a home. It would have been a happy one, but that I felt one aching void, which no outward advantage could supply: I felt alone in the world. All those around me had some beloved friends who rejoiced in their weal, and wept when they were sad; but the painful conviction would often force itself upon me, that my life was not needful to the happiness of any fellow-being, and that my death would cause no blank in any human heart. Deeply sensible as I was of the kindness which had been lavished on me, I longed to be loved for my own sake, without any admixture of pitying regard. The image of Henry would often present itself to me as one whose affection was of the kind I yearned for; but we had not met for many a long day, and it seemed doubtful whether his watchful kindness might not have sprung from a desire to protect the friendless, and might therefore have faded away, during absence, into a cold remembrance of early regard. This thought cast a shadow over the brightest moments of my past life, and embittered the present blessings of my lot.

Six months had elapsed since I had entered Mrs Aylmer's family, and on the approach of Easter, a few days' holiday were offered to me, which I thankfully accepted, with the desire of visiting my benefactress, and also the foster-mother of my early years. Mrs Boyd had invited me to her pleasant happy home, from whence, she said, I could visit the cottage daily.

How many mingled feelings of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, strove for the mastery within my heart, as the mail-car drove up to Rose Hill! The cordial welcome which awaited me gladdened my whole being; but no sooner had that soft searching glance rested upon me for a while, than I felt its magic influence as in days of yore; and before many hours were elapsed, the whole secret of my burdened soul was known to my best earthly friend. She did not chide, or wonder at my

feelings; but only observed that the most innocent affections, if allowed too unbounded a sway, often grew to be very hard masters, and that I was therefore on slippery ground: 'but,' added she, 'we will talk over all this another time, for Mr Boyd will be here immediately, and we are expecting a guest at dinner who will surely not be unwelcome to you—a young man in whom my husband is much interested, having just obtained for him the pastorate of a parish in one of the newly-settled districts in Canada.' As she spoke, my heart beat violently, and my emotion was so great, that she perceived I had guessed her meaning. 'It is your old friend Henry Conolly,' continued she; 'and he seems so humble, and yet so earnest in his desire to do good, that I trust he will prove a blessing in the country which he has adopted as his home.'

At this moment the door opened, and Mr Boyd entered with Henry. I strove to be calm, and uttered some words of welcome as he pressed my hand almost silently within his own. It was evident that he expected to see me there, and that my presence was not indifferent to him. During the evening, few words passed between us, except inquiries concerning people in whom we were mutually interested; but I felt that his eyes were upon me, and this conviction made me confused and awkward in my demeanour. As he rose to depart, I mentioned my intention of visiting his mother on the morrow. 'May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the cottage?' inquired he in a grave tone. I gave an affirmative, which seemed to me cold and formal, but I dared scarcely trust myself to speak. That night was a sleepless one; and on seeing my pale haggard countenance the following morning, I felt an uneasy sensation of disappointment, which might be deemed akin to restless vanity, but was altogether alien from it.

Nurse Conolly's cottage was about a mile distant from Mrs Boyd's dwelling. Henry called for me at the appointed hour. The beginning of our walk was silent and constrained; but soon we came in sight of the cottage, as it lay nestling beneath the hill-side, shaded by the hawthorn hedge, which separated it from the road, and sloping down in front towards the broad vale, across which we were then wending our way.

'Those were happy days,' observed Henry, 'when we all dwelt together in that cottage. Were they not, Mary?'

'Yes,' I replied hesitatingly: 'I had many happy days there.'

'And many unhappy ones too, I fear, dear Mary.'

'Was it for such as me always to feel happy?' I replied, scarcely knowing what to answer.

'Ah, if it depended upon me, there is no breath from heaven but should waft you joy and peace! no living tongue but should utter blessings on your head! no day of your life but should overflow with happiness! Perhaps I am not worthy of you, dearest Mary,' continued he; 'but even if you cast me off, never, never can I love any one as I love you.'

'Do you know what you are saying, dear Henry? Or are you mocking the misery of a—founding? Not worthy of me! Ah, no! my fate is to live lonely and unloved; for I will never bring disgrace upon an "honest" family.'

While these words passed between us, we approached a rivulet, whose soft bright current flowed on in sparkling beauty towards the ocean. Henry stopped, and pointing to the brook, said in an agitated tone, 'Mary, can you tell from whence that bright stream has taken its rise, and yet it imparts grace and fertility to our humble vale? Even so your birth may be involved in mystery, but you are nevertheless the fairest and most precious gift which Heaven has given us here. Only tell me that I may hope to call you my own for life, and then there will no longer be a single cloud overhanging my days and darkening my prospect as it does now. Only say one word, dearest Mary,' added he in an earnest and impassioned tone.

'Your mother, Henry, what will she say to your wishes?'

'She will welcome you as you deserve to be welcomed—as an honour and a blessing to our family.'

Few words more were spoken; but they were such as can be uttered but once in a whole life, for there is no second spring-time to the heart. As we drew near the cottage, we found Nurse Conolly watching at the wicket door, even as she used to do in my childish days; and on our approach, she hastened to throw her arms around my neck, invoking a thousand blessings on my head. Then retreating a moment, and gazing earnestly upon me, she exclaimed, 'Sure, then, ye are grown such a beautiful young lady that I would scarcely have known ye; and yet ye are come to see the old woman in her cabin!'

'And who else should I like better to see than my dear nurse—my mother?' I added, being unwilling not to call her by her old name, and yet conscious that it had now a new meaning. Henry, taking his mother's hand, placed mine within it, saying, 'You will now be her mother indeed, for she has consented to be my own dear Mary.'

I will not attempt to describe the confused joy of that happy day; nor how affectionately Norah greeted her future sister; nor how we wandered over our old haunts, recalling many a childish token of sympathy or love which had soothed me in hours of grief and vexation.

I found Nurse Conolly's establishment of orphans reduced in number, as she wished Henry to have a room appropriated exclusively to his own use, whenever he had leisure to pass a few days at the cottage; and I never felt how dear Norah might be to me, until I saw the care with which she had adorned his little apartment, that he might not 'find it so strange when he came out from the fine city' to see them.

Towards evening we returned to Mrs Boyd's, lingering many a moment on our way to gaze at each familiar scene of beauty. All nature seemed to be bathed in light. Even the gray Sugar-Loaf mountains, with their dark stern peaks, looked glowing in our eyes.

But I must not linger on this part of my history. It need scarcely be said that Mr and Mrs Boyd cordially approved of our union. They, however, earnestly recommended Henry to go out first alone to Canada; and having made acquaintance with his parish, and prepared our future habitation, to return and claim me for his bride. Henry, though unwilling to oppose their wishes, warmly combated this plan, and I trembled at the thought of being separated from him; but their reasons were so convincing, and their desire so imperative with us, that it was finally decided that he should sail by the earliest packet for Canada, from whence we might look for his return in the course of eight or ten months; and that meanwhile I should resume my duties in Mrs Aylmer's family. Before another week had elapsed, he was ploughing the wide Atlantic, and I was seated among my little pupils in Fitzwilliam Square, more desirous than ever worthily to fulfil the duties that were assigned to me.

Before parting from my benefactress, she reminded me that this was the time to test the strength and sincerity of my principles, by an earnest devotion of my thoughts and talents to the round of occupations at present allotted to me, rather than suffer my mind to exhaust itself in anticipations of future happiness.

'Remember, my dear young friend,' were her parting words, 'that to-day alone is ours; and that each accession of moral strength you may now acquire will fit you more thoroughly for the arduous although happy path that lies before you.'

I carefully treasured up her words, although little dreaming of the early trial that awaited me in my new circumstances of life.

I had never before found my task as a teacher so pleasant a one; for it no longer required any effort to enter into all the little domestic joys of those around me.

No painful thought of my own utter loneliness would now check my sympathy with the daily cares and blessings of a family circle; and the resolute determination with which I concentrated all my mental faculties on the present scene during my working hours, made my leisure moments all the more sweet and welcome. Each mail brought me letters from Henry, giving details of all that interested him in his new position, and filled with yearnings for the time when my presence would change the wilderness into a fond and happy home.

The period of his return approached, and already had he named to me the ship which was to convey him to Dublin, as well as the day on which he expected to sail. Each morning I observed anxiously from what quarter the breeze was blowing; and at the end of ten days or a fortnight, began to form a restless expectation of his appearance. Each tap at the school-room door caused an agitation of feeling, which it required a strong effort to overcome, and I found it hard occasionally to repress a tendency to irritation at the mistakes and faults of those around me. Five weeks had elapsed since the time fixed for Henry's departure, and quiet hope was giving way to fear and despondency, when one afternoon, at the hour which my pupils usually spent with their mother, little Alice, the youngest, and the darling of the house, ran into the room clapping her hands, and saying, 'There is Aunt Boyd below stairs, and she is asking for you. She will come up to see you immediately; and I knew you would be so glad! so I came to tell you.'

The words were scarcely spoken when my honoured friend entered the room; and no sooner had I beheld her countenance, than its grave expression filled me with sorrowful forebodings. 'Oh, Mrs Boyd,' I exclaimed, 'what has happened to him? Tell me, I beseech you—you cannot deceive me.' She took my hand affectionately, and seating me beside herself, assured me that my fears were exaggerating the truth, and that she had only come to share my anxieties, as well as to make me acquainted with real facts, knowing how often they were distorted by report.

I interrupted her with passionate intreaties that she would let me know the worst at once.

'There is a report of the Dolphin having been seen in distress on the western coast, but the result is not known. The weather was too boisterous to admit of aid being given her. Now you know all!'

The blow was overwhelming. I fainted away. On my restoration from insensibility, I found Mrs Boyd sitting by my bedside. Her hands were gently clasped together, and from the calm, elevated expression of her countenance, I knew she was commending me to Him who is never heedless of the afflicted. Her presence recalled at once the full extent of my misery. I closed my eyes in despair. Let me not be judged too harshly by those who, when one treasure is withdrawn from them, are still attached to life by a thousand links of affection. Mine was a *foundling's* woe, and no other but one, who, like myself, has been cast homeless and nameless at pity's door, can fully sympathise with my desolation at that moment. But prayer and reflection came to my aid, and before many hours were past, I was able gratefully to acknowledge my benefactress' silent but compassionate tenderness. She proposed my accompanying her home for a while.

'No, dearest madam,' I replied; 'you have taught me the blessing of diligence in our appointed tasks, and I wish to act upon your advice. To-morrow I hope to resume my duties with those dear children.'

'You know not what you undertake. It will be impossible for you to collect your mind at a moment of such intense anxiety.' I burst into tears, and consented that Mrs Boyd should make an arrangement for my absence during a few days.

'I will stay here until to-morrow,' she said, 'and shall be at hand if you wish to see me; meanwhile I will take charge of the children, so you shall not be disturbed.'

I could only press her hand to my lips with silent thankfulness, and then was left alone.

The struggle of that afternoon was a fearful one; yet it wrought out its work of hope and trustfulness during many a future day of trial.

Towards the close of the evening Mrs Boyd once more visited my room.

'Well, dear Mary, it is all settled: you are to return with me to-morrow,' were the first words she addressed to me. There was a tremulousness in her voice which startled me.

'For Heaven's sake, what new misfortune has happened, dear madam?' I inquired hastily.

'You forget, dear Mary, that it is our business rather to hope than to fear; and indeed I cannot bear to see you look so wretched, when there is far more ground for hopefulness than for despair.'

'Do you really think so?'

'Yes, I repeat it; there is every ground for hope. Only try to be calm, and let me see that you can bear joy more courageously than grief.'

'Joy! Can there ever again be joy for me?' I asked in a desponding tone.

'Yes, joy,' she replied gently; 'if so it please Him who is the dispenser of happiness.'

The handle of the door turned, and in a moment Henry, my own beloved Henry, folded me in his arms. Words could ill describe the weight of joy which overwhelmed my spirit, and made me speechless. Yes, joy is wont to be spoken of as a light elastic feeling, which bears up the soul on its bright and buoyant wings; but this is the common daily joy of life—not that intense and concentrated emotion beneath whose pressure the whole being seems ready to sink and dissolve, as if unable to bear it.

I soon learned the history of Henry's escape, as well as the extent of my kind friend's consideration in concealing from me the earlier and more fatal reports that had reached her ears. But now all was over, and I was blessed beyond my fondest hope.

A few weeks later, we were united in the parish church, from whence the earliest prayers of our childhood had ascended. Mr Boyd pronounced the marriage blessing, and his excellent lady insisted on our all meeting around her table for the repast that followed. About a week afterwards, we parted from the home and the friends of our youth, and sailed for Quebec, bearing with us many blessings, and a store of useful gifts suited for our future residence.

It was a calm bright day on which we sailed across the Bay of Dublin; and our course was so slow, that we had leisure to trace out every well-known spot on that most lovely coast. My eye rested a moment on the great city itself, and the momentous question once more flashed across my mind, 'Have I a mother within its confines? and if so, where and who is she?' But remembering the train of miserable thoughts always flowing from this speculation, I quickly turned to gaze on the range of Wicklow hills and the peaceful vale which lay beneath them. Henry pressed my hand, saying, 'You have left kind friends behind you, my own dear Mary; but I hope to make your home beyond the seas so happy a one, that you will not regret having left all for your husband's sake.' My heart was too full to answer: but he understood my silence.

Five years have passed away since we left our native land—five years of happiness, undisturbed save by those trials which occasionally chequer the brightest existence. My husband is the beloved and honoured pastor of a wide district, throughout every part of which his presence is hailed as an omen of peace and blessing. From the windows of our well-built lighthouse we catch a glimpse of the church which has recently been consecrated as our parochial house of prayer, and whose precincts are doubly hallowed to us, as being the resting-place of our first-born treasure; lent to us for a little while, and then garnered safe above—not lost, but gone before.'

Two other lovely babes have since been given me; one of whom, my little Henry, runs already prattling by his father's side. The other, Norah, is still an infant; and as often as I fold her in my arms, I cannot refrain from thanking Heaven that my daughter enjoys a mother's care—that she is not a Foundling.

## POPULAR ARCHITECTURE.

THAT architecture has become popular as a taste there can be no doubt, but it is far otherwise as an art. Vast piles of buildings are heaped up every day around us, and receive their name from the turn of an arch or the capital of a column; but we neither know nor care what are the true distinctive characters of the styles. This edifice is Gothic, because its windows are pointed; that Grecian, because it has a Doric portico. We even distinguish between Greek and Roman, and are able to tell at a glance to which the Ionic capital belongs—by the direction of the ears. All this is the learning of a schoolboy, who thinks that his '*propria quæ maribus*' conjurations are sufficient to evoke the spirit of Latin poetry.

We have only to look round us for a moment, to be sensible of the advantage that would be derived from the diffusion of popular information on this subject. Time was when honest men were satisfied with lavishing their taste and money upon public buildings, and leaving their own dwellings, as the Greeks and Romans did, in quiet inornate uniformity with the rest of the street. But our houses and shops must now vie, on a small scale, with the national monuments. We must at least be able to tell, if we are asked the question, to what order of architecture they belong; and since this necessity exists, it would be well that we could tell correctly. One answer would perhaps do for us all—to none. Only let us get the length of this avowal, and there is no fear of us. We are far from insisting either upon the antique or mediæval model, which in our case *must* be modified by climate, and the changed circumstances of social life; but so long as we fancy that we are doing the Greek and Gothic, by getting in some of their peculiarities, head and shoulders, into our mason-work, the conception of a new order, or the adaptation of an old one, is out of the question.

In a recent reprint,\* there are some amusing instances given of the popular mistakes on this subject. One relates to the Doric portico of Covent Garden theatre, which, on account of its *four columns* (the façade being of a totally different kind), is said to be 'after the model of the grand temple of Minerva, situated on the Acropolis.' Another relates to the new church of St Pancras, which, we are told, is 'the finest edifice that has been built on purely Grecian principles of architecture, and with strict adherence to the Grecian model. It is designed from the Erechtheum, or Triple temple on the Acropolis of Athens; the eastern portico of which was dedicated to Erechtheus, the sixth king of Athens; the western to Minerva Polias; and the wing to Pandrosus, the granddaughter of Erechtheus. The tower or steeple is after the manner of the Tower of the Winds, also at Athens, and follows as closely as possible the classic beauty of that celebrated building; its form being octagonal, consisting of two storeys, supported by eight pillars, the whole surmounted by a cross. The vestibule of the church is a correct representation of the Temple of the Winds.' The similarity here, Mr Cleghorn tells us, and the *only* similarity, is

\* Ancient and Modern Art, Historical and Critical. By George Cleghorn, Esq. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1848.

the mere portico and four caryatides, borrowed from the temple of Pandrosus, and attached, without any apparent meaning, to each flank of the church.

We have referred more especially to Greek and Gothic architecture, because, in point of fact, these are the only two styles that are affected generally by the present generation. The taste for the former, however—if that can be called a taste which is unaccompanied by intelligence—is the more generally diffused of the two; and perhaps by and by the southern part of Great Britain will be the last stronghold of the Gothic, which some architectural writers contend should be called the English.

Greek architecture is supposed to have sprung from the vast and massive forms of that of Egypt, refined and softened by a more accomplished and elegant people. The characteristic of the latter is stability. It resembles one of its grand erections, the pyramid, constructed for immortality. The pyramidal idea, indeed, runs throughout the whole system; door, window, and building alike, being set down on a broad base, narrowing upwards, as if to defy at once the assaults of time and the convulsions of nature. The plan, the ornaments, the hieroglyphics, the symbols, even the stone material, all are the same from the earliest epochs: nay, the very degree of solidity appears to have been uniform, Mr Hamilton remarking that when the edifices have not been injured by human force, they are all in the same state of preservation or decay.

About eight hundred years before the Christian era, the Greeks, whose buildings were till then chiefly of wood, began to construct walls and edifices in a species of masonry, designated, from its vastness and solidity, Cyclopean. The genius of this people, however, was not long of infusing grace and elegance into these Egyptian masses, and the three Grecian columns soon distinguished three separate orders of architecture. The Doric, however, was the national order of European Greece, and would seem to be regarded by imitators of the present day as the general type of Grecian architecture. The earliest and more remarkable specimens were grand and massive, as if betokening its descent from the colossal forms of Egypt; and even the elegance and finish which these received in after-ages, caused a surprisingly slight variation in character and expression. The Ionic was the invention of the Asiatic Greeks, and is nearly coeval with the Doric. The Corinthian was introduced towards the end of the Peloponnesian war; but the only examples of this order now extant in Greece are the Tower of the Winds, and the Choric monument of Lysicrates at Athens. 'The taste and perfect composition of the Corinthian capital,' says Mr Cleghorn, 'sufficiently demonstrate that it could not have been of Egyptian origin, but the legitimate offspring of Grecian genius and Grecian art. Whatever hints the Greeks may have borrowed from Egyptian or Phœnician architecture, as regards the three orders of their decorative features, their superior taste, science, original genius, and fertile imagination so improved and remodelled, as to make entirely their own: they breathed into them new grace and beauty, new life and vigour; in a word, they stamped them with the highest perfection of which they were susceptible.'

These three orders were complete in character and in their sequence. 'The massive and imposing grandeur of the Doric, the adorned yet simple majesty of the Ionic, the festive sumptuousness of the Corinthian,' to use Lord Aberdeen's words, comprised all that taste and judgment could require, and left invention at fault.

De Lorme and Perrault imagined a new French order, with plumes of feathers and the insignia of royalty ornamenting the capital; in Spain, heads of lions and cornucopias were substituted; in Germany, branches of leaves were so arranged as to form sixteen volutes; and in America, heads and leaves of Indian corn vindicated the nationality of the republic. In this way men sought to make the classic models their own, by vying with the worst extravagances that were perpetrated in the decline of Grecian art.

'The Romans,' says Mr Cleghorn, 'adopted and imitated the architecture of Greece, and not only employed Grecian architects, but often had the columns and decorations executed in Greece, and transported to Italy. A sensible deviation from the style of their masters is, however, evident in most of their works. Columns are calculated more for ornament than use—they adorn the wall, or at most support the pediment. In the Greek they support the edifice, and form the wall itself. Amid the splendid structures and gorgeous display of imperial magnificence, the marks of corruption are but too conspicuous when compared with Grecian models. It is only necessary to compare the Doric and Ionic of the Greeks with the Roman orders of the same name, to be struck with the decided superiority of the former, not only in the forms and execution of the parts in detail, but in the chaste grandeur and symmetrical effect as a whole.' The Romans, however, made the comparatively neglected Corinthian their own, and by combining this ornate column with the Etruscan arch and vault, originated the style which has been chiefly followed by modern nations. They likewise added two orders, which, however, are usually regarded as mere varieties—the Tuscan being the Doric stripped of its distinctive ornaments, and the Composite, a combination of the Ionic and Corinthian. As regards the Composite, its origin is obvious enough; but we venture to think that the degradation of the Doric could hardly have occurred in the same age, and through a people whose great error was extravagance in ornament. The Tuscan column resembles the bare trunk of a tree rising from the level earth, and instead of a modification of the Doric, may more reasonably be looked upon as the antique root of Roman architecture.

The mixture of the lower Latin and Greek empires, together with the rise of Christianity, gave birth to numerous innovations. The Pagan temples were not arranged for the accommodation of a numerous congregation; and the new religionists had recourse to the basilica, or halls of justice, resembling in some degree a barn, with the interior divided into a central nave, and two or more aisles formed by columns supporting an entablature, with a transept at one end, swelling out from the central nave into a semicircular recess. This form was found to be so convenient, that it formed the model for the Christian architects; and the Italian term *basilica*, accordingly, describes a church of the higher order.

The Byzantine style, with its Greek cross and centre dome, supported by converging arcades, followed the separation of the eastern and western empires. 'Arches rising on arches, and cupolas over cupolas,' says Mr Hope, 'we may say that all which in the temples of Athens had been straight, and angular, and square, in the churches of Constantinople became curved and rounded, concave within, and convex without; so that after the Romans had begun by depriving the architecture of the prior Greeks of its consistency, the Christian Greeks themselves obliterated every mark of the architecture of their heathen ancestors still retained by the Romans, and made the ancient Greek architecture owe its final annihilation to the same nation which gave it birth.' The Lombards came next, producing out of the Byzantine and corrupt Latin a fantastic style of their own, which, by means of their secret societies of free-masons, whose ramifications extended on all sides, they succeeded in spreading over western and northern Europe.

But this, in process of time, was swallowed up by the *Gothic*—the distinctive feature of which was the pointed, or lancet-shaped arch, only occasionally used in the other *romantic*, as contradistinguished from the classical styles. The Gothic is supposed by some writers to be an imitation of the overarching boughs of the woods and groves in which the earlier nations assembled for religious worship; and Mr Cleghorn supports this theory with great warmth. 'No attentive observer,' says Bishop Warburton, 'ever viewed a regular avenue of well-grown trees intermixing their branches overhead, but it presently put him in mind of the long vista through the Gothic cathedral—or ever entered one of the larger or more elegant edifices of the kind, but it presented to his imagination an avenue of trees; and this alone is what can truly be called the Gothic style of buildings. Under this idea of so extraordinary a species of architecture, all the irregular transgressions against the art, all the monstrous offences against nature, disappear; everything has its reason; everything is in order; and a harmonious whole arises from the studious application of the means and proportions to the end. Nor could the arches be otherwise than pointed, when the workmen were to imitate the curve which branches of two opposite trees make by their insertion with one another; nor could the columns be otherwise than split into distinct shafts, when they were to represent the stems of clumps of trees growing together. On the same principles they formed the spreading ramifications of the stonework of the windows, and the stained glass in the interstices, the one to represent the branches, the other the leaves of an opening grove; and both concurred to preserve that gloomy light which inspires religious reverence and dread.' Mr Cleghorn is even of opinion that the stained glass windows and oriels were constructed on purpose to imitate the harmonious and chastened gleams of sunshine passing through the branches and openings of the richly-variegated foliage.

'The Gothic and its varieties,' says this writer, 'differ essentially from the Greek, and the styles derived from it, in this, that the great lines are vertical and upright, while in the other they are horizontal. The strength and solidity of the Gothic are the result, not of the quantity or size of the stones employed, as in the Greek and Roman, but of the art of their disposition. In the Gothic, the different details of the edifice are multiplied with the lines and scale of the building; in the Grecian, they are only expanded and enlarged. In the Gothic, the shaft bears nothing—it is only ornamental—in the Greek, the columns support the entablature. In the Gothic, buttresses are essential, and stop horizontal lines; in the Greek, there are no buttresses, and the projections are stopped by horizontal lines. In the Gothic, a pediment may be of any pitch or angle; in the Greek, the angle is fixed. In the Gothic, there is no regularity of composition, no limit to openings or variety of ornament; in the Greek, regularity of composition is essential, and openings are limited by the proportions of the column. In the Gothic, vertical lines are carried to any height; in the pure Greek, spires, towers, and domes are inadmissible, and if adopted, resemble unconnected excrescences piled above each other.'

When Roman architecture was at length restored in Italy, it was incorporated with, and enriched by, the romantic styles. Sumptuary laws no longer prohibited citizens from adorning their private dwellings, and compelled them to lavish their taste upon the national monuments. Houses, accordingly, swelled into palaces; and as wealth increased, the grandeur of antiquity was lost in modern sumptuousness and elegance. Then came, as a closing epoch, the restoration of Grecian architecture; a consummation which, if aided by popular intelligence, would fill the world with beauty.

But Mr Cleghorn complains that the English are only parcel-Greek. 'Their attention seems exclusively directed to the mere orders themselves and their details, as if in that consisted the secret and excellence of Grecian architecture. The Doric is their favourite

order. Every master-mason, every plasterer, every carpenter who knows how to work a Grecian Doric column and entablature, piques himself on his knowledge of Grecian architecture, and looks with ineffable contempt on the Roman and Italian styles, and the ignorance of his predecessors. Every dwelling-house and shop-front must have its tiny, fluted, baseless, Postum Doric columns. Every public building, be it a church or meeting-house, a palace or hospital, a college or club-house, a theatre or jail, has its Grecian, Doric, or Ionic portico. Whatever may be the style or character of the building, it becomes henceforth a genuine Grecian structure.' To this may be added the authority of the Quarterly Review:—'That the porticos themselves are admired, we need no other evidence than the universal fashion, we had almost called it *mania*, for their application. In our suburban streets we have salmon and mackerel lying in stately funeral under Doric pillars, and tripe surmounted with metopes, triglyphs, and guttæ, of the most classic proportions. In some of our fashionable club-houses, after every accommodation has been provided for the members, a portico is superadded, apparently commensurate, not so much with the building itself, as with the unexpended residue of the subscription, and adorned, like the family picture of Dr Primrose, with as many columns as the artist could afford for the money: while undecorated windows are left, like Tiburina's maid, in primitive simplicity, a portico, the indispensable necessary of architectural life, is patched on to any visible wall of our pseudo-palaces.'

A pediment and portico, unless the termination of a real roof, and an integral part of the building, is a meaningless ornament, and is no indication whatever of the Grecian style; and in like manner, if the columns do not support the roof, they are nothing more than the ornaments into which they were degraded by Roman taste. But in point of fact, the term Grecian among us merely means *something not Gothic*. 'It would be of essential advantage to the progress and purity of the art, and be the means of preventing much error and misconception, were the three styles carefully distinguished from each other both in theory and practice. Our common street elevations, shop-fronts, and dwelling-houses, mimic, in mock majesty and tawdry plaster enrichment, the style and decoration of palaces; while our public buildings are meagre without simplicity, ornate without magnificence, and costly without grandeur or durability. In the Metropolis, stone is rarely used for private houses, and not always for public buildings. Everything is sacrificed for present effect—for the caprice, novelty, and excitement of the moment. We are perfectly contented with that tawdry glitter and brilliancy, that vicious and overcharged ornament, which strikes the vulgar and ignorant. We have no classical taste, no extended views, no perseverance, no ambition to hand down lasting and national monuments to future ages.'

But the invention of window glass in the sixth century rendered a purely Greek building practically obsolete. Vases and cups were manufactured of glass by the ancients; but the adaptation of the material to windows being unknown to them, their edifices were more or less exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Their few windows were placed high in the walls, and many chambers were lighted exclusively by torches. In some temples the colonnade supporting the roof was open. Windows are now a grand feature in the building, for cupola light is not always attainable or always desirable; and windows, therefore, instead of being merely 'poked out,' should exhibit some distinctive characteristic of the order. This, however, is rarely the case. The most familiar specimen, for instance, of the Doric, so far as many of our readers are concerned, is the Royal Institution on the Mound at Edinburgh; and this magnificent building, leaving out the colossal statue and questionable sphinxes on the roof, fulfils all the conditions of a Greek temple—but with glass windows superadded. The glass windows are not incongruous in themselves, being a modification of abso-

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late necessity in the present age; but, unluckily, they are mere holes in the wall, with no more reference to the Doric than to the Gothic style of architecture. But this is a solitary grievance. The prevailing fault is the abuse of the classical forms as mere nicknacks, while the prevailing folly is the Grecian name we give to the anomalous result.

The Gothic, in like manner, becomes in our hands merely ridiculous. Baby-house towers and turrets—battlements where no battle can be waged—mock machicolations—niches in the walls for dolls instead of statues—what can be in more pitiful taste? 'The Gothic,' says Mr Maculloch, 'is not fit for dwelling-houses. Its dwelling-houses were its abbeyes and castles, and were on a large scale. When we attempt to reduce them to a small scale, they become mean. The turrets of the castle, which were meant to contain men, will scarcely hold a cat; the towers will hardly admit of staircases, much less of chambers; the battlements are like the ornaments of an escutcheon; and instead of the machicolations, we have a paltry pretence.' . . . 'In partial restoration of cathedrals,' adds Mr Cleghorn, 'and other Gothic ecclesiastical and castellated structures, the same ignorance and bad taste prevailed. It consisted of little more, as Mr Rickman observes, than making clustered pillars and pointed windows, all the genuine principles of the different styles being totally neglected.'

It will be deduced from the above sketch that the people of this country want information; and without information on a subject like this, taste can do nothing. Mr Cleghorn's book, which embraces the whole of the fine arts, is so far useful, and will always be acceptable to the scholar and the artist; but its character is not sufficiently popular to supply the existing desideratum: a work for the people on ancient and modern art is still wanting.

#### THE DISTRESSED LEXICOGRAPHER.

NAPOLEON reigned as emperor in France. The learned and modest lexicographer Boiste had just put the finishing stroke to his dictionary. He had arrived at the point of time so happy for an author—he had just corrected the last proof-sheet, and sent it to his publisher. Sweet was his sleep with brilliant dreams of future fame! The next day the book that would give him name and wealth was to see the light. He awoke to find his bed surrounded by gendarmes.

'Gentlemen, you have certainly made some mistake; I am Monsieur Boiste, grammarian to the Emperor.'

'The very man,' answered the laconic brigadier. 'It is all right; here is the order for the arrest of Boiste, grammarian!'

The argument was conclusive; there was no appeal; go with them he must; and soon the vehicle stopped before the Fort of Vincennes.

Once arrived at the prison, poor Boiste had some hope that the obstinate silence hitherto maintained would cease. He humbly supplicated to be told the cause of his arrest, protesting his innocence and devoted allegiance. The official, through some little feeling of respect for an old man, deigned to open the order for arrest; and after reading it, coolly answered, 'To secure the public safety.'

Poor Boiste was then sent off to a room, the iron bars of its windows securing to him three months' leisure to torture his brain in the endeavour to discover how he, who had spent his whole life arranging words under their different heads, from A to Z, could have compromised the public safety. He said to himself, with all the tranquillity of an untroubled conscience, 'It cannot be for my book that I am arrested, since it has been examined three times over, corrected, and considerably diminished, by both the heads and the subordinates in the office of the imperial censorship.'

Boiste did not content himself with lamentations, he

made strong appeals by memorials addressed to all the influential persons of his acquaintance, always concluding with this most logical conclusion, 'I have done nothing; but only tell me what I have done, that I may justify myself.'

But unhappily not one of his letters was answered. At length one appeal from the unlucky prisoner fell into the hands of Fontanes, the head of the university, who knew and esteemed the poor grammarian; and fully persuaded of the innocence of a man whose whole life had been devoted to his dictionary, he hastened to mention him to the Emperor, who, happening to be in a favourable mood that day, smiled at the artless epistle, and viewing the matter in the same light with Fontanes, sent for the Duke of Otranto. Fouché was as ignorant as they were of the ground of arrest, and was quite surprised; he had probably signed the order without reading it, and he in his turn summoned the prefect. The prefect could give no explanation, and sent for his deputy, who, after two days of research, at last found the fatal document. It was taken to the Tuileries, and there it was found that it was made out upon the denunciation of the censor, who had actually charged Boiste with having spoken of Bonaparte as a spoliator. 'How?—when?—where?' This the denunciation did not mention. The censor was ordered to make his appearance; but he was about a hundred leagues off, on a tour of inspection, exercising his vigilant superintendence of the provincial press.

Let Boiste himself be examined,' was Napoleon's next order; 'for besides that I believe him incapable of such an act, it really would not be common sense in a dictionary.'

The next day Boiste was once more permitted to see the sun, and was carried to the cabinet of the Duke of Otranto, where Fontanes was already in attendance.

'Sir,' said Fouché, 'you are accused of a libel against the august prince who reigns over this mighty empire.'

'A libel! I, my lord? Surely you cannot believe it? A libel comes from *libellus*, a little book. Ask that gentleman, sir, at the head of our university. I know too well the meaning, the force of words, to—'

'Nevertheless,' added Fontanes, showing him the information, but keeping his finger over the signature—'read this.'

Boiste cast his eye rapidly along the paper.

'Well!' cried Fouché, seeing the quiet countenance unchanged.

'Is that all?' said Boiste.

'All! and is it not quite enough? I hope, for your sake, it is a mistake.'

'Not at all; it is the truth.'

'The truth!'

'Unquestionably; it was all to do honour to our Emperor.'

'To do honour to him!'

'Yes; to show that he was as great a linguist as he is a hero.'

'Come, sir,' said Fouché impatiently; 'it is quite time to put an end to such foolery. This is no jesting matter.'

'God forbid that I should make a jest of it; I would not take such a liberty in your excellency's presence.'

'Be good enough to give some explanation then.'

'Nothing more easy;' and taking a copy of his dictionary, which lay on the table, he opened it at the word 'spoliator,' and pointed to two words in the following order:—'Spoliator, *Bonaparte*.'

The two functionaries indignantly exclaimed, 'And what could have tempted you to such an audacious libel?'

'I was but giving his majesty the credit due to him. I put his name after the word "spoliator" as the authority for the word; he, when General Bonaparte, having been the first to make use of the expression in the tribune. It is a coinage of his own, and not known in the French language till he used it.'

Fouché and Fontanes turned upon each other a bewildered look. Boiste was set at liberty; but it cost him the expense of the sheets that replaced the seditious page through the whole edition. And Boiste thought himself happy to get off so cheaply, now that he began to perceive that his tribute to the Emperor's coinage was considered so equivocal a compliment.

#### ECONOMICAL NATIONAL FORCE.

MR FREDERICK HILL, inspector of prisons, has published a small pamphlet, addressed to the question of national defence.\* He treats the subject with that practical sense and regard for the economical and moral good of the country which presided over the post-office reform of his distinguished brother. While regarding the late outcry about national defence as uncalled for, and perhaps dangerous, we may go so far as to admit that, in the event of any need for additional force being experienced, Mr Hill's plan will be entitled to respectful consideration. More than this, a force such as he proposes might be substituted with advantage for a certain amount of the present standing army.

Mr Hill remarks very justly, that 'many circumstances tend to keep an army in a comparatively low moral condition, and thereby to act injuriously upon public morals. The early removal from parental influence—the recklessness frequently induced by the feeling that, in a moment of anger or partial intoxication, an engagement has been entered into fatal to the person's happiness, and which it is impossible to shake off—the forced association with the rude, the violent, and the vicious—the idleness of the barrack life, with its temptations to drinking and gambling, alternating with the mad excitement, great bodily fatigue, and exposure to cold, hunger, and sickness, attendant on most kinds of warfare—the thirst for plunder, excited by the opportunities for military license, and the practice of giving prize-money—the improvidence arising from the irregular gains of a soldier, and the constant feeling of the great uncertainty of his life—the habits of licentiousness caused by the difficulties in entering into the marriage state—and the little regard for character generally felt by those who are for ever moving from place to place—these, and other causes, must act with baneful effect on the moral character of the soldiers themselves, and, through them, on the people generally.'

After illustrating this position by a variety of facts, Mr Hill goes on to discommend the raising of a soldiery by conscription, as unjust to classes and individuals, and an absurdity in itself, in as far as it disregards the special qualities requisite for the vocation of a soldier. He then asks if a body could not be formed 'consisting of men prepared by nature for warlike encounter, and trained by art to military service?—ready to resist aggression of all kinds, whether of domestic or of foreign enemies, and yet with the interests and feelings of citizens and yeomen?—of men with homes, families, and friends?—of men who have something dear to them to fight for, and which would be perilled alike by the anarchy of an ignorant mob, the tyranny of a military despotism, or the successful invasion of a foreign foe?'

He thinks such a force might be raised. He suggests it should consist of 100,000 men, under the name of the National Reserved Force, 'to be formed of men chosen from volunteers for the service, and residing, under ordinary circumstances, at their own homes, in different parts of the country.' These men he would have

regularly drilled, and ready to act, when called upon, either as a police force to suppress internal tumults, or as an army to defend the country from attack. The men to receive a small annual stipend, and in addition to be paid for their time when on duty; also to have a claim to an annuity when sixty years of age, if they have spent twenty in the service. In the selection of 'the men, great regard to be had to the moral character of the applicant, and to his being strictly sober; and, other things equal, a preference to be given to those who possess some amount of property. Indeed it is so important that the members of the force should in general be owners either of a house, a piece of land, a stock of furniture, money in a bank, shares in a public company, or some other kind of property, so that they may have a strong interest in the preservation of order—that if the proposed remuneration (together with the other inducements which are likely to exist) be not found sufficient to cause persons of this class to enter the force, it would be advisable to increase it.' Parade and drill at stated times, but so as to interfere as little as possible with the ordinary avocations of the men; every member to be obliged to reside within a certain distance of his place of muster, but to be enabled to exchange from one division of the force to another when the interests of his trade or calling render it necessary. Mr Hill roughly estimates the annual expense of this force at £900,000; and remarks that if the new force were found to justify a reduction of the army by 25,000 or 30,000 men, it would produce a saving.

'Without stopping,' says Mr Hill, 'to inquire whether men selected on the proposed plan could not, if it were thought important, be readily made to equal ordinary soldiers, even in the minutest detail—without examining this point, it must be remarked that again and again has the proud general of a well-disciplined army found himself woefully mistaken, and compelled to yield to men who, though less erect in their bearing, were animated by a high moral feeling, a strong love of country, and a determination to defend their homes and liberties. Witness the disgraceful defeat of the Austrian and Burgundian armies in the war which gave Switzerland her freedom, and in which the power of infantry was first taught to the well-trained and iron-clad warriors of Europe by a few mountain herdsmen. Witness also the defeat of the chivalry of the first two Edwards in their attack on Scotland, ending in their utter rout at the glorious battle of Bannockburn. Witness again the disgraceful defeat of our troops in the American war; and the discomfiture of the Austrian and Prussian troops in their unjustifiable attack on France in the early period of the French Revolution, and before France had exhausted herself and weakened the attachment of her people by her atrocious invasion of other states, and her fearful conscriptions. Look also at the noble struggle of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his negro associates, and the triumph of Dessalines and his army, formed out of men who had lately been groaning in slavery, over Bonaparte's disciplined troops. And we now see how the countless hordes of Russian soldiers are kept at bay, year after year, by a few brave Circassians.

'A consideration of these and other similar deeds must, I think, convince almost every one that men with ordinary spirit and energy, who stand on their own soil, who know every yard of the country, who have the sympathy and support of the people, and who, in their homes, their property, and their liberties, have something worth fighting for, will, with a very moderate amount of training, present an irresistible front to any invading army—a front, indeed, the very idea

\* Economical Defence of the Country from Internal Tumult and Foreign Aggression. Ridgway. London: 1848.

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of which would prevent any but an army of madmen from setting foot upon the coast; and shows, I think, that such a force has inherent advantages which can never be wholly possessed by troops collected even in the manner in which the English army is raised; and far less by foreign mercenaries or conscripts, animated by no pure or noble motive, and in many cases serving against their will.

The objection, that soldiering should be a trade by itself, is met by the allegation that, in reality, it cannot in peace be a trade, since it is then a life of more than semi-vacuity and idleness; a state of things not merely tending to immorality, but to violent discontent, and sometimes even mutiny. 'The gain,' he adds, 'to public morality, by a decrease of drunkenness and prostitution, with their train of misery and crime, which would result from a large diminution of the number of ordinary soldiers, would be great; while the security for our liberties would be increased by the power of the army being in a great measure transferred to men of superior education and morality, linked to society by the thousand ties produced by a family, the possession of property, and the exercise of an industrious calling.'

By some, the employing of an armed force of any kind, even for defence, may be objected to; but all experience proves that peace-officers with staves are powerless in suppressing tumultuary masses armed with muskets and other dangerous weapons, as was exemplified in a striking manner on the occasion of the late riots in Glasgow. While there exist miscreants sufficiently daring to unite in forcibly defying the law, we fear that soldiering of some sort must be considered a lamentable necessity. Mr Hill's plan may be said to reduce this evil within the narrowest possible bounds. His soldiers are to be only armed and trained civilians, ready at a moment's notice to assume a military character; and we should suppose they are to have about them as little of the pomp and buffoonery of warlike array as the most sober-minded could desire.

#### THE MEDICINE-MAN, OR INDIAN CURE FOR CANCER.

Among all savage nations and tribes, the observance of certain superstitious forms and ceremonies are interwoven in almost every important event, whether civil, social, or political; yet in none, perhaps, are these observances more strictly kept up than in everything relating to the practice of the healing art.

Extensive means of observation, and some length of residence among various tribes of North American Indians, particularly one called the Pottowatomie nation, which, at the time I speak of, were a wandering people on the great prairie lands of the state of Illinois, now called the Wisconsin Territory, gave me ample opportunity of observing many of their superstitious orgies, as well as their medical treatment in curing many violent and severe diseases. When I say that my only object in being among these rude people of the forest was that of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the virtues of the vegetable substances used among them as medicinal agents, being myself a physician, and having, too, the sanction of the chief of the tribe to dwell with them, it may be supposed that my opportunities of observation were unusually great. How I have profited by it, many of my patients suffering under some of the most severe diseases incident to humanity might testify; but on this head I must not enlarge.

Unknown to the classification and arrangement of the great Linneus or succeeding botanists, many plants of surpassing power in these wild regions bloom, flourish, and decay, whose virtues are confined to the knowledge of the Medicine-man (as the doctor is called) of the tribe, and who, in the wild superstition in which he has been educated, ascribes the remarkable cures he performs more to the influence of his savage orgies than

to the true cause—the healing properties of the plants that grow beneath his tread. To those, too, whose very vocation would seem in a great degree to lie in a knowledge of the powers of the vegetable world, the medical practitioners not only of Europe, but even those of the large Atlantic cities of North America, of the very land in which these plants are indigenous, they are generally as little known as they were to the distinguished philosopher above named. We shall cease, however, to be much surprised at this fact, when we consider for a moment the unvarying system of teaching adopted at medical universities. Hear certain lectures, read certain books for a given time, answer certain questions which these books will teach: you have passed your examination—you are a qualified physician.

To the medical philosopher there are few fields fraught with so rich a harvest of discovery as the investigation of the properties of many of the plants peculiar to the fertile districts of North and South America, in relieving and permanently curing many of the most severe diseases to which the human frame is incident. The ground for these investigations is already broken to some extent by the medicine-men of the different tribes, whose rude experience and modes of practice, which they are ever most willing to exhibit and describe, would be of great value in directing many apparently intricate or obscure applications, the *modus operandi* of which the light of science might afterwards illustrate and explain.

Cancerous affections in stages of extreme malignity; the long train of obscure glandular diseases of more or less severity; the multiform denotements of severe scrofulous affections; ulcerations of chronic duration; cutaneous maladies of various and loathsome origin and extent; tumours of indolent and malignant character; rheumatism; epilepsy; spasmodic diseases; lumbago; torpid action of the bowels or liver; incipient consumption, and the various inflammatory affections of internal organs; the bite of venomous reptiles; tetanus; and a host of less grave forms of disease, I have seen subdued and cured by these humble pharmacopoliasts.

I will proceed now to relate a case. In a wigwam in which I was for a time domiciled, a fine Indian lad of eleven years of age, in gathering berries, was bitten on the back of the hand by a moccasin snake, which he had provoked; but which he at length succeeded in capturing, and bringing home in triumph. The squaw, the only person except myself present, immediately bound the arm tightly just above the elbow-joint with a strong cord; upon the wound on the hand she applied a succession of plantain leaves (the *Alisma plantago*), wetted with oil and milk; she then prepared a strong decoction of the *Lobelia inflata*, which she gave the boy to drink freely, and placed him in a warm bed. She then strewed some salt upon the ground, burnt a hank of flax in her hand, muttered a form of prayer to the Great Spirit Manitou, and then repeated at intervals to her patient copious draughts of the decoction, notwithstanding the severe vomiting it occasioned. This treatment was kept up throughout the night, the plantain leaves being repeatedly changed for fresher ones. The following day the same treatment was followed with less vigour; and in the evening, a poultice, made of the green leaves of the *Geranium maculatum*, was applied to the wound, and the patient placed in a warm water bath prepared with the balsam of the pine-tree. On taking him out, he was pronounced to be well; and so in truth he was, excepting some degree of debility occasioned by the treatment. To my own knowledge, he was in good health five years after this event. Now, in contrast with this rude yet successful treatment by savage skill, let us place that of the regular faculty of the city of New York in a similar case. Dr Wainwright of that city was bitten on the forefinger by a rattlesnake; he was aware of the danger, and in a situation to have the immediate aid of several eminent physicians; but in vain: the life of this amiable and

talented gentleman was sacrificed for want of that knowledge of the curative properties of plants growing almost at their very doors. The death of Dr Wainwright occurred last December, and the circumstances attending it were noticed in the London 'Times.' When it is borne in mind that the bite of the rattlesnake is far less dangerous than that of the moccasin, the value of the two modes of practice will stand in still stronger contrast.

I will now proceed to detail the treatment of a severe case of cancer, occupying the whole surface of the breast in an Indian female. This woman belonged to a wandering tribe of Indians, whose nomadic habits had heretofore prevented the necessary confinement and attention to diet to effect the cure. The medicine-man, whose pupil at the time I was, having appointed his day for general consultation, and being aware, as in more civilised conditions of life, of the vast importance of assuming a great degree of consequence, had not failed to throw around himself the utmost gravity and mystery of manner on the days devoted to the public reception of the sick. These days are always during the time of the full-moon; and the one previous to reception the medicine-man observes strictly as a day of abstinence, refraining from all food except bread, water, and vegetables. Receptions usually take place in the open air, under the shade of large oak-trees; but in severe weather his own wigwam is chosen. Having divested himself of his ordinary hunting or farming dress, he robes himself in an external garment made of the skins of various kinds of snakes sewed together. This dress is girted tight at the neck, and spreads loosely around him, reaching to his feet, and rattling, at every motion of his body, with more noise than some of the venomous reptiles make when alive and about to dart on their prey. The ground having been marked in a circular form with a spade, flax, pine-tree gum, and various aromatic herbs, are burnt in an iron pot, and thrown around. The medicine-man, whose face is previously painted with red and blue streaks, sits at a table, on which is placed various roots, herbs, and plants. In the centre of the table is a large basin, made of the bark of the birch-tree, containing the blood of a new-born calf that has never cropped the herbage. Among some tribes, and formerly with this, the blood of a new-born babe, slaughtered for the purpose, was used on this occasion; but from the progress of humanity consequent upon their frequent intercourse with Europeans, the blood of a calf has been substituted, and found to be equally efficacious.

On the present occasion, there was placed on the table another vessel, containing a large quantity of clayey earth, of a yellowish red colour, dug at six feet depth from the surface of the ground. This earth had been previously most carefully pulverised, and passed through a fine sieve, every particle of stone and shell, or other extraneous substance, having been thoroughly excluded. An iron pan, containing a little charcoal, made from the wood of the yellow elm-tree (*Ulmus flavus*), in a state of bright ignition, was placed upon the ground.

The patient was brought in, carried in the arms of four men, her relations, and accompanied by a multitude of neighbours and spectators, to whom these exhibitions are ever open. She was seated on a low cork stool within the circle on the ground, and facing the medicine-man. During a form of prayer or invocation commenced by the operator, and joined in by all present, beseeching the Great Spirit Manitou to give courage to the patient, skill to the doctor, and success to the cure, the eyes of the female were bandaged with cloth, and her breast uncovered. The most perfect silence now prevails; every voice is hushed; and the medicine-man proceeds to his examination of the case. He puts no question as to the origin of the disease, or what applications have been used; but after examining the state of the glands in the *axilla* (arm-pit), and those

in the neck, much as the European surgeon would, he takes from his pocket an oval instrument, made of thin iron, about the size of a large tablespoon, and shaped somewhat like a trowel, which he heats to a red heat in the lighted charcoal, and with a sudden and light touch sears the open cancer, already in a state of ulceration, observing to touch the edges, and what he pointed out to me as the roots of the cancer, but which were, in truth, the deep sinuses occasioned by the progress of irregular ulceration. At the touch of the iron, the woman shivered, and slightly shrank back, but uttered neither moan nor cry. Immediately after this, the proper plants, in a green state, previously soaked in the blood of the calf, were spread all over the cancer; the earth was then laid on the plants about the thickness of an inch or a little more, having been made into a clayish paste by mixing the blood with it. Thus much for the treatment. For the prognosis, or probable result, three small peas had for a few days previously been placed in earth and water, until they were just on the point of germinating; being carefully removed, they were pressed down into the covering of the diseased breast, and the earth gently smoothed over them by the fingers. Suitable bandages, made of cloth and the inner layers of the white birch bark, were applied; and to insure the earth keeping in its place, a pair of stays (or garment of their precise form) was tightly secured round the chest. The woman was then delivered to her friends, and placed in a recumbent position upon a species of palanquin; orders were given as to her diet, which was strictly antiphlogistic, and she was then conveyed home, with a caution to remain in the same position until the visit of the medicine-man, to take place on the third day after.

At the moment the medicine-man commenced his treatment with the application of the heated iron, and during its continuance, until her arrival at the door of her own home, the following words were chanted, in a slow mournful measure, by all who accompanied her. The translation has been furnished by a friend versed in the language of the tribe:—

'Fertile earth and growing grain,  
Ease this woman of her pain;  
Fire to purge thy pains away,  
Earth to cleanse and purify;  
Sow the seeds in hope to grow,  
By thy blessing, Manitou.  
Sow the seeds,' &c.

The prognosis by the peas is much relied on. In truth, divination is peculiar to all savage tribes; and though frequently deceived, they still adhere with strong tenacity to the ancient superstitious observances of their forefathers. If the three, or two out of the three peas continue the process of germination, so that the earth is slightly broken in their attempt to reach its surface, the result is predicted as highly favourable; if one only, not so favourable; still the woman will recover, but slowly; and the prognosis would be doubtful as to the recurrence of the disease in after-life. Should none of them germinate, which often happens from accidental causes—such as changing the position of the earth by the necessary movements of the body—then an unfavourable conclusion is looked for, and the patient and her friends are apprised that the Great Spirit Manitou needs her presence in the hunting-grounds of her forefathers, and bids her prepare for death.

I should have mentioned, that after the third day, the medicine-man attends the patient at her own wigwam at such times as he considers necessary, and the subsequent treatment is with the decoctions made from the plants useful in the case, together with medicines given internally. In many cases, if not in all, I am assured that the searing of the diseased surface with the heated iron has been attended with most injurious results, increasing the inflammatory disposition, destroying the vitality of the parts essential to the healing

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process, and sometimes producing extensive mortification and sloughing. The earth, too, very frequently acts as an extraneous and irritating substance; and as to the value of the pea prognosis, the less we say of it the better.

### HELP YOURSELVES.

UNDER this title a small pamphlet or circular was lately handed to us by a correspondent. Consisting of an address to workmen on the subject of economising means, it embraces the history of an operative who, with no remarkable advantages, and without change of position, was able to attain a state of independence. In order to bring it under general notice, we give it a place in our pages.

'Englishmen have much to be thankful for, inasmuch as there is probably no country on the face of the globe where sober, industrious young mechanics and labourers can so soon raise themselves to ease, comparative independence, and comfort, as in England. Many instances in real life might be given in proof thereof; yet our present purpose may be best answered by presenting the case of one who, having lost his father and mother in childhood, has been indebted to the kind-hearted for the school learning he has acquired. During his apprenticeship he gained little beyond habits of industry. In the seven years of his apprenticeship, his master fell from a respectable station to one of abject poverty, owing to his taking the one glass, then the two, three, four, and onwards; till, by steps almost imperceptible, his business and family were neglected, whilst he joined his associates at the alehouse. But let us not dwell on this sad picture. On completing his twenty-first year, our orphan boy engaged in a situation where he received 15s. per week wages; 8s. of which he appropriated to food and lodging, and 2s. to clothing and a few useful books to rub up his schoolday learning. Warned by the example of his late master, he shunned the alehouse, and his steady conduct soon gained him the confidence of his employer, who, at the end of the first year, raised his wages to 21s. per week. At the end of the second year he found himself possessed of upwards of L.40; 5s. per week had been regularly deposited in the bank for savings during the first year, which amounted to L.13; and in the second year 11s. per week, which was L.28, 12s. more. We need not follow him, step by step, in his steady but onward course. He has now been nineteen years in his present situation; for the last ten, he has been the foreman, with a salary of 30s. per week. Twelve years ago he married a virtuous young woman, and has now six fine children. The house he lives in is his own; a good garden is attached to it, and a fruitful and lovely spot it is; it serves as an excellent training-ground for his children, whose very amusements in it are turned to good account. The mother brought no fortune with her except herself. She had, indeed, lived as servant some years in a respectable family, where she had high wages; but all she could spare was devoted to the support of an infirm mother, who, on her marriage, was received into her husband's house, where the evening of her life is rendered happy. How is it, you ask, that a man at forty years of age, who has had nothing to depend upon but his own labour—who has a wife and six children, and an infirm mother-in-law to support—can have bought a piece of ground, built a house upon it, and can have it well furnished, and, after all, has upwards of L.200 out on interest? for he has been a servant all along, and is a servant still. Well, let us see if we can find out how it is. In the first place (and which, after all, is the main point), he spends nothing at the alehouse; the money which too many worse than waste there, he saves.

'At the age of twenty-three, we found he had in the bank of savings L.40.

At the age of 24 he has	L. 70
At ... 25 ...	102
At ... 26 ...	135
At ... 27 ...	170
At ... 28 ...	206

'He now marries, and expends on furniture L.40, reducing the amount at interest to L.166; but his wages are now advanced to 25s., and his expenditure is increased to 20s. per week; his saving of 5s. per week and interest in the year, amount to L.21, added to L.166, makes L.187, when twenty-nine years of age.

'At thirty years of age he has L.210; wages now 30s. per

week; saves 10s., and interest, he has L.247 at thirty-one years of age.

'At thirty-two years of age he has L.286; buys a plot of ground for L.100; expends L.150 in building his dwelling-house; so that he reduces his money at interest to L.36; saves his 10s. per week, and interest on L.36—L.27, 16s.; making L.63, 16s. at the age of thirty-three.

At 34 he has	L. 93
At 35 ...	123
At 36 ...	155
At 37 ...	191
At 38 ...	207

'He now expends the interest, and saves only 10s. per week.

At 39 he has	L. 233
At 40 ...	259

In addition to his house and garden.

'These calculations have been made in consequence of the writer having been informed that there are at the present time from 300 to 400 workmen employed by one company in Hull, many of whom are earning great wages, and spending no inconsiderable portion of them in a manner which their best friends regret. It is with a view of directing their *close* attention to the great good that they might do for themselves, by proper forethought, that these remarks are penned. There is nothing in this calculation which 80 out of every 100, who earn from 25s. to 30s. per week, might not effect, if they were wise enough to pursue the same plan. Mind that your houses be comfortable, well-furnished, supplied with useful books—above all, the Bible, and read a portion of it every day, with prayer that it may be blessed to you and yours. Contrast, for a moment, the condition of those who thus rightly employ the means placed within their power of providing comfortably for themselves and families, with those who squander in thoughtless waste, first the few shillings, then the many pounds, in procuring that which yields *no comfort*, brings *no health*, affords *no solace* for declining years; then judge for yourselves which course you will pursue.'

### WHAT IS EDUCATION?—ANSWERED.

THE inquiry as to what education really is—whether it be verbal teaching or practical training—has been satisfactorily answered, as follows, by Mr David Stow, honorary secretary of the Free Normal Seminary, Glasgow, in a small work recently published on the subject of National Education:—

'What the education is that will best enable a man to educate himself, ought surely to be the sovereign question. Is it *instruction*, or is it *training*? Is it the amount of elementary knowledge communicated, or is it the exercise of mind required by which the pupil may educate himself? Till lately, the term used to define education was *INSTRUCTION*. Give religious instruction, it was, and is still said, and this will be sufficient. Teach the poor to read the Bible, and forthwith you will make them holy, happy, and good citizens—good parents—obedient children—kind and compassionate—honourable in their dealings—and crime will diminish. Hundreds of thousands have received such an education. Are such the results? We trow not. Have we hit upon the right kind of education, or the *proper mode of communication*? Will all the instruction it is possible to give produce the results which are so fondly anticipated? Will all the *telling*, or teaching, or instruction in the world, enable a person to make a shoe, construct a machine, ride, write, or paint, without *training*—that is, without *doing*? Will the *knowledge* of religious truth make a good man without the practice of it? The boy may repeat most correctly, and even understand in a general way, the precepts, "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath," "Render not evil for evil," "Be courteous;" but see him at play among his companions, neither better, nor perhaps worse, than himself, unsupervised, and his conduct unreviewed, by parent or schoolmaster, and what do these Scriptural injunctions avail him when engaged in a quarrel? Reason is dormant, passion reigns for the time, and the repeated exercise of such propensities strengthens the disposition, and eventually forms *evil habits*. The father cannot be with his child to train him, whatever his business or profession may be, during the day, and a healthy boy will not be tied to the apron-strings of his mother—out he will go, and out he gets to the streets, to be with such companions as he can pick up.

'In education, as hitherto conducted in school, even under the most highly-intellectual system, we have had instruction, and not training. Schools are not so constructed as to enable the child to be superintended—the master has not the opportunity of training, except under the *unnatural* restraint of a covered school-room; and it is imagined, or at least stated, that children are morally trained without their being placed in circumstances where their moral dispositions and habits may be developed and cultivated; as if it were possible to train a bird to fly in a cage, or a race-horse to run in a stable.

'Man is not all head—all feeling—or all animal energy. He is a compound being, and must be trained as such; and the varied powers of mind and of body, although distinct, so act and react upon each other, that it is difficult to say where the influence of the one begins and that of the other ends. The intellectual, to a certain extent, influences the physical, and *vice versa*; while the moral influences both, and is influenced by both in return. The most influential and successful mode of cultivating the child is, therefore, when his whole powers are daily and *simultaneously* exercised; and no injury can arise to his varied powers of body and mind, provided they be fed, and not stuffed—trained, and not merely instructed.

'How do we purpose morally, physically, and intellectually to elevate the mass of our population, among whom there is not, on the part of parents, either the opportunity or the intelligence to accomplish this object? If done at all, it must be almost exclusively performed by the school trainer. *It is not now done by the schoolmaster, and cannot be accomplished by the parent.* Therefore our youth are growing up untrained in a moral, and even in an intellectual point of view, although it is announced that "the schoolmaster is abroad." In reality, we have much said, and little done. The truth is forced upon our attention, that *teaching is not training.*'

'The Sabbath school was, and still is, too weak and powerless to contend with the *sympathy of numbers*; there being, even when best conducted, only the *teaching* of one day set against the *training* of an opposite tendency during the other six days of the week. In the Sabbath school there was the teaching of the master, *without sympathy* set against the sympathy and training of the streets, and frequently even of the family. Need we wonder, then, that the one day's teaching or instruction was (and still continues to be) overborne and counteracted by the six days' *training*?'

In other words, the conviction at which Mr Stow appears to have arrived is this—that no mere teaching, no learning of lessons or catechisms, no mere putting on the memory a large variety of psalms or other exercises, is education. Besides technical instruction, *training* is indispensable. Good habits require to be enforced and confirmed by practical acts—by *doing* that which is right, as well as merely *knowing* what is to be done. For saying as much, educationists have for many years suffered abuse. It is gratifying to find a person in Mr Stow's position vindicating so sound a principle in education.

#### A FLEA FOR THE MOLES.

The 'Essex Herald' publishes the following letter from the Rev. G. Wilkins to a farmer, who wrote to him inquiring how the wireworm had been exterminated in the reverend gentleman's land. It contains much sound, though, we daresay, unpalatable doctrine to the owners of smooth lawns and trim-bedded gardens:—'Some ten years since, when I came to my living, and commenced cultivating the little land I hold, it was, I may say, full of wireworms. Nothing could have been worse, for my crops were in some places ruined by them entirely. What, then, did I do? I adopted a plan which I recommended and published in periodicals many years since—namely, encouraging moles and partridges on my lands. Instead of permitting a mole to be caught, I bought all I could, and turned them down alive; and soon my fields, one after another, were full of mole-hills, to the amusement of all my neighbours, who at first set me down for half a lunatic; but now several adopt my plan, and are strenuous advocates of it. My fields became exactly like a honeycomb; and this continued even among my standing and growing and ripening crops; not a mole was molested, but I still bought more. This summer I had fourteen brought, which I turned down; but they were not wanted: I have nothing for them to eat—all that moles live upon is destroyed—and so, poor things,

they must starve, or emigrate to some distant lands, and thus get bowstringed by savage men, whom they aim to serve. Adopt my plan, and it will be sure to answer. If you have a nest of partridges, also encourage them: all the summer they live on insects, on wireworms, &c.; and consider how many millions a covey will destroy in a single summer. Again, always remember that moles feed upon insects, and of which the wireworm is the chief; if you doubt this, open a mole, and peep into his stomach. Again, do not fear that moles injure your crops, either in a field or in a garden: it is a low and vulgar error to suppose that they root up young corn; they never go anywhere until the wireworms have first destroyed the plants, and then, innocent things, they are punished for others' faults! If you do not like to see their hills, knock them about with a hoe, as I did; it is a healthful amusement, and they will do your lands good. Do not despise my plan because the farmers will not adopt it in your neighbourhood: farmers adopt nothing till driven to it, and nothing that is new and good.'

#### GLASS IN DAIRIES.

The attention of dairymen has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a non-conductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a glass bottle full of milk that had been preserved in India and China, and when drawn, after eighteen months' preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of excellent butter; while the milk preserved in a tin case during the same voyage had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk-pans produce almost equally remarkable results; and from an analysis we have seen of the cream which was thrown up on some of Harris's Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favour of the glass, as compared with the wooden or wedgeware pan, by at least ten per cent.—*Scottish Farmer.*

#### EGYPT.

'Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,  
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro.'

DANTE.

On the deep rock of Ages have I set  
My everlasting Pyramid, and look round  
From its great throne on oceans without bound;  
Time shoreless, shifting sands, and realms as yet  
Growing to being. Of all here who met—  
Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab—who hath stood?  
All, all have drifted onward by my base,  
And here I hold amidst their surge my place!  
Before me things were not, or such as could  
Endure like me, eternal. The broad Nile,  
Young as the day it leaped to life, and made  
Life whereso'er it moved—the godlike sky,  
Star-written book unfathomable—the pile  
Of mountain-walls around—these shall not fade.  
They were—and are—and shall be!—*So shall I!*

M. S. J.

#### JOHN RAY.

A CORRESPONDENT obligingly forwards the following note:—'As an Essex man, I hope to be forgiven for mentioning that a slight error has been committed in a recent article in the Journal in reference to the life of John Ray. Baintree is stated to be a village in Suffolk, whereas it is one of the chief towns of the northern division of Essex, possessing an endowed grammar school, at which John Ray was educated. Black Notley is the adjoining village to Baintree, and the churchyard in which John Ray lies buried is about three miles distant from that town. The Essex folk are proud of John Ray. His tomb is within a pleasant walk of Baintree, and is occasionally visited by botanists. I have even known pilgrimages to be made thither, on which occasions ferns, mosses, and wild flowers, gathered by the way, have been duly and reverently laid upon his grave. John was evidently fond of Essex; and were he alive, I hardly think he would be pleased with the notion of transporting his remains to Suffolk.'

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